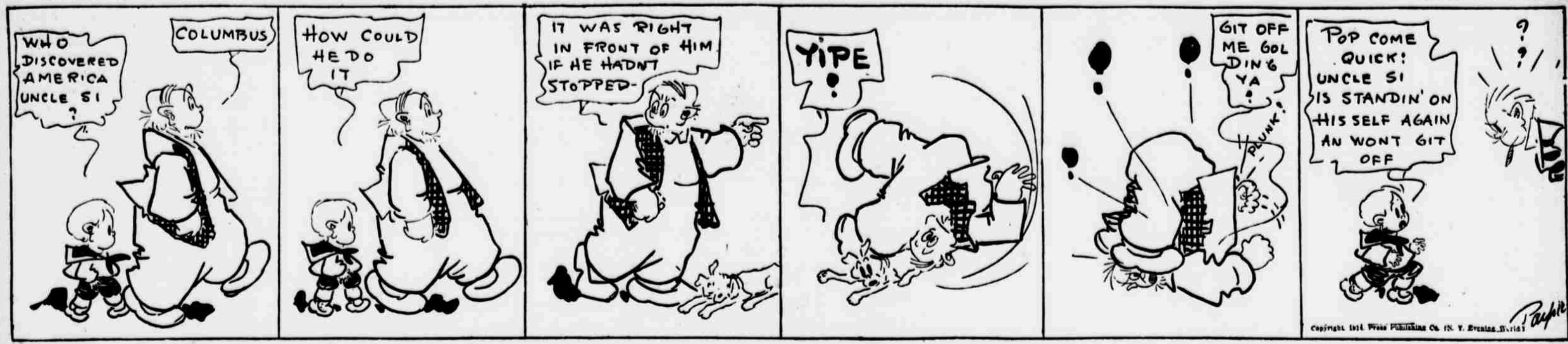


'S'MATTER POP!

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY and AXEL—Axel's "Eye" Might Be Better Adapted to the Training of Wild Sand Fleas!

By Vic



Mirth and Music, Fun and Frivolity, Served in
Cool and Refreshing Courses at the Palace Theatre

By Eleanor Schorer.

WHAT a relief from hot busy Broadway to sit in a big, comfy, linen-covered chair while fans whirl 'round your head and unseen fairy hands engineer a huge ice plant which keeps the Palace Theatre twenty degrees below out-of-doors.

Dog days and sizzling sun are barred entrance to this ice Palace. Ruth Royce serves entertainment for the fifth consecutive week, and no one seems to be able to get enough of her cunning, grotesque little style of singing the syncopated melodies.

Eddie Foy and his seven little Foyas make the stage their playground with frolicking, singing and joking, poking fun at and imitating their big, comical daddy until the house rings with applause and Papa Foy thinks it meet to say a few words of appreciation when the chubby hands of the youngest and cleverest little Foy tug firmly at his dad's slit skirt, pointing a commanding round thumb in the direction of the exit. Like all good papas, Eddie ass. promptly obeys.

Charles De Haven and Freddie Nice, the "Simultaneous Steppers," give as neat an exhibition of dancing as was ever seen before. Every step tick-tock, keeping time like a clock. Nice, very nice.

Those sweet melodies that lit on the air are the production of Fritz Bruch and his little sister on 'cello and violin.

Adelaide and Hughes do some splendid dancing. Fine finished artists they are and Adelaide has the most beautiful limp little hands that flutter constantly, like busy butterflies.

Joan Sawyer has added ethnetics to her large repertoire of social dances and is simply charming every minute.

Any other favorites are numbered on the Palace bill this week.

To sit there with dainty ushers carrying double decked trays of cold lemonade, yours for the asking, and to watch the bulleest show to be found on the globe—that's when life's worth living!

ORIGINAL GENUINE Horlicks
Malted Milk
"There are Imitations"
The Food-Drink for all Ages
Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form.
For infants, invalids and growing children.
Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body.
Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged.
More healthful than tea or coffee.
Beware of imitations. Ask for Horlicks.



The Jarr Family
By Roy L. McCardell

BOTH WAYS MAKE THE JARRS "GET IN DUTCH."

YOU'D better tell Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith that Zareff the Occult's right name is Ryan, and that he is under indictment now for swindling an ice cream manufacturer of Springfield, Mass., out of \$20,000, and out in Chicago when he was arrested.

"Who told you all this?" asked Mrs. Jarr, interrupting Mr. Jarr's flood of disclosure.

"Dinkston, Michael Angelo Dinkston," replied Mr. Jarr. "Why, he used to."

"It's very queer that Mr. Dinkston knows so much of the past and yet he cannot foresee the future," Mrs. Jarr interjected again. "It is very odd Mr. Dinkston knows how this person and that person swindle and who they have swindled, and yet is Mr. Dinkston a successful business man himself? Is he even a psychic?"

"Well, he knows the fortune telling graft and fortune telling grafters. Why, down at Atlantic City Dinkston says there are two hundred of them, and he recently 'ets a razor'."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Well, if the man got a razor from Atlantic City, why don't he shave himself with it? The last time he was in this house he needed a shave, and he needed a clean shirt, too! It is very strange that a man without a change of linen should charge Zareff, the inscrutable, who is as neat as wax—so he must be a perfect gentleman, as regards his mundane body, at least—with being a swindler! I've been too busy to run every day to fortune tellers with Clara Mudridge-Smith, but she is doing crystal gazing now, under psychiatric divination of Zareff, and she says that, by refraction of the infinite, she visualizes the color of her soul and sees her astral nimbus like a flame breathed upon—those were Zareff's very words—a flame breathed upon."

"Well, he has a fame blown upon!" sneered Mr. Jarr. "I tell you, Dinkston told me he got a 'razor' from Atlantic City—razor in their slang means a letter, in that letter Dinkston is told that Barberpole is getting Camden and all the 'bookies' are going to 'Wilson' to Atlantic City. Dinkston says that translated this means New York City is getting dangerous, and all the fortune-teller swindlers are preparing a coup to rob their gulls in one big haul and skip the town. So I thought you'd better warn your friend Mrs. Mudridge-Smith."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Jarr. "In the first place, she wouldn't thank me; in the second place, she wouldn't listen to me, and in the third place, when she did get swindled she'd never forgive me because I warned her. She'll keep her mouth shut if she is swindled, and she won't believe me if I advise her now she'll be swindled!"

"I think it my duty to warn her husband then," remarked Mr. Jarr. "He's going to the same fortune teller, but he doesn't know his wife is a client of Zareff's, or rather a 'thirteenth' and she doesn't know her husband is."

"If you'll take my advice you'll mind your own business!" counseled Mrs. Jarr. "What I say about his wife is equally true about her husband. Mind your own business."

This was good advice, which Mr. Dinkston also endorsed. But age could not wither Mr. Jarr's impudent friendliness.

"Mr. Jarr," said the boss, severely after the warning had been delivered, "you are employed by me as a manager of an important department of this establishment, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, I am," replied Mr. Jarr, in calm expectancy of praise and promotion.

"Then," the boss icily resumed, "kindly confine your gigantic mental activities to increasing the business and efficiency of your department, and do not let my personal affairs concern you!"

But all the same, the boss seized the first opportunity to leave the office, and speed in a taxicab to the lair of Zareff the Occult. To his surprise he met his own wife coming from the place in angry tears.

"I have been swindled," she cried, hysterically. "Mrs. Jarr got me to come to see this fortune teller and now he's gone! And he got \$500 in gold from me to magnetize!"

"You are a silly, extravagant woman!" snarled Mr. Smith, but he didn't say the fortune teller had "Winked" with twice as much gold as he was magnetizing for him. "I wonder if that man Jarr and his wife were accomplices of Zareff?"

"I shouldn't be surprised!" sobbed Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith.

HICKVILLE DOINGS
From Our Hickville Correspondent
Hazen Conklin

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

SILAS MADDER tried to bribe your versimilitudinous correspondent to get his name in print. He offered all sorts of inducements, including a busted dollar watch which a automobileist threw at his dog and missed, but we stood firm for the fast principles of Journalism, which is that a reporter ain't to be bought, not with no busted tin watch, so we won't mention his name. We can't think of nothing as would make Silas madder.

Sid Forsythe can play all of "Home, Sweet Home" on his new harmonically now exceptin' the chorus and two notes which don't play. Amos Crabb, our village sneerer, says as how Sid's trouble is that he plays by ear. We can falsify that baseless scandal, for we watched Sid wrasslin with the chorus two hours yestidday and we seen that he blowed into it with his mouth.

Summer boarders took in. I eat you and sleep you for \$7 a week, 50c extra if I wash you. Aunt Jane Taggart, Providence Farm, Dry Pond Road.—Advt.

Elias Ellis, prop. of the Ellis Tavern at Hickory Junction, was in Hickville yestidday. He says the hotel business is pickin' up at the Junction. He had two city drummers to stop at the Tavern last week. One et dinner there and didn't pay for it, and the other paid for his dinner but didn't eat it. Elias says as how that made him just square.

Hired Man Wanted. Needn't git up mornings until 4 o'clock. Wages \$6 a month, bed with vittles throwed in. Bud Hatters, Hatterses' Fruit Farm.—Advt.

Ezra Hicks, sr., our village Creesus, had a run-in yestidday with Ezra Jr., who has been off to collidge. Young Ezra claimed as how he could throw a hammer further'n any boy in collidge, so old Ezra give him one and says as how as long as he's such a hand with a hammer he could shingle the barn roof. Young Ezra he sassed him back and old Ezra he started for him. But Young Ezra has a runnin' record at collidge too, so there ain't no mortuary report to make.

Wade Green had his barn raisin' yestidday. The barn wasn't ris because Wade passed round the appjack beforehan' stid of arter.

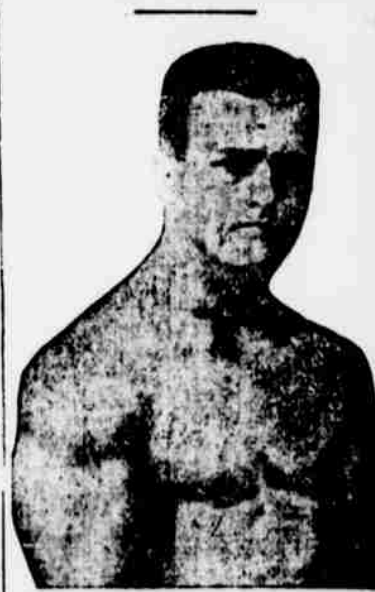
Artie Bodie, who is allus cuttin' up capers, played a prank yestidday on Abbie Daniels, who ain't never got married yit, but has hopes of landin' Selectman Hosea Titcomb. He didn't tell us what the prank was, but it must of been a funny one the way he laughed. He says as how the whole villidge will know what it was in a day or two.

Malachi Medders, who keeps bees and who had a bee to bite him in church the other day, read a piece in the Hickory Junction Chronicle sayin' as how bees bites cure rheumatiz. He says as how havin' the bees he's goin' to advertise for summer boarders who have got rheumatiz and give 'em a cure for a dollar extra.

Amos Crabb, our local sneerer, says as how any one that paid money to get cured that way would git stung.

People Used to
Call Me "Skinny"

But Now My Name Has Changed.
Gained 15 Pounds and Look
Like a New Man.



A PLUMP, STRONG, ROBUST BODY.

"Before I took Sargol people used to call me 'skinny,' but now my name is changed. My whole body is stout. Have gained 15 pounds and am gaining yet. I look like a new man, declared someone who had just finished the Sargol treatment."

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. G. Brown. "I had to quit work I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 25 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. G. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

Would you, too, like to quickly put from 10 to 30 pounds of good, solid, 'star-there' flesh, fat and muscular tissue between your skin and bones? Don't say it can't be done. Try it. Let us send you free a 50c. package of Sargol and prove what it can do for you.

More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test, and that Sargol does succeed, does make this fact plain where all else has failed, is best proved by the tremendous business we have done. No drastic diet, fast, medicine, massage, oils or emollients, but a simple, harmless, natural, and safe method. Cut out the common foodstuffs for this five package course, including only 10 cents in sugar to help pay postage, packing, etc.

Address: The Sargol Co., 97 V. Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y. Take Sargol with your meals and watch it work. This test will tell the story.

"HELP WANTED!"



FREE SARGOL COUPON

This coupon, with 10c. in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc., and to show good faith, entitles holder to one 50c. package of Sargol, free. Address: The Sargol Co., 97 V. Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

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2 for 25c.

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